

E. C. BAIRD

Exclusive Agency for Peters Shoes, Persiana Corsets, Zion City Laces, Magnolia Coffee and the World Famous Broadway Model Clothing

E. C. BAIRD

Our new spring goods are arriving daily and they are marvels of beauty. We have bought these goods in the eastern market at prices that enable us to offer them to you at prices less than you can buy them in Portland. We are always glad to have you come in and inspect our new goods whether you want to buy or not.

3000 YARDS OF ZION CITY LACES 5 and 7c per yd
the regular 10c and 15c values

2000 YARDS OF EMBROIDERY 10c a yd
3 to 14 inches wide on sale at

A Dandy Good White Table Linen at 25c per yard

Wide Corset Cover Embroideries, special at 25c yd

All linen table linen 65c and 85c yd
60 to 72 inches wide

A big line of Percales, all colors, neat patterns, 32 to 36 in., per yd 12½c and 10c

A few pieces of dress goods, 52 inches wide, the regular 75c value, on sale now 50c at per yard

A good plaid dress goods for dresses and skirts for school girls, now on sale 15c at per yard

A full line of Persiana Corsets, a corset to fit every form 50c to \$3.00 each at

Silk hose, all colors at 50c to \$1.50 per pair

Baird**Men's Clothing**

We can and do save you money on every suit of clothes bought from us. We have them at from \$10.50 to \$18.00. Look them over before you buy. It will pay you.

\$10.50 to \$18

We have a complete line of spring dress goods, all colors and qualities, at 10c to 50c per yard. You must see them to appreciate their value.

A full size ready made sheet 55c each at

Ready made pillow slips, good quality 15c each at

Bed Spreads, full size - \$1.00 up at

We have the largest and best line of dress gingham in Newberg 10c per yard at

Women's Dress Skirts, bargains at from \$4.00 up

Ladies Spring Waists

A big line of Ladies' Spring Waists just received. These are real values at

\$1 to \$2.50 each

LADIES' HANDKERCHIES, 5c each
25 dozen ladies handkerchiefs on sale

Ladies Wash Gingham Underskirts at 50c each

Good Heavy Crash Toweling at 8 cents per yard

COMPLETE LINE OF SILKS \$1.00 a yd
in taffeta, foulards, messaline, etc

WOMEN'S PETTICOATS, all colors \$1.00 to \$3.00 each
You should see them, prices

Groceries

We are adding daily to our list of grocery customers. Can we not add your name to the list? It is our constant aim to give your nothing but good clean fresh groceries at the very lowest prices possible. Phone us your orders and we will do our very best to please you.

E. C. BAIRD**SHOES! SHOES! SHOES AND SHOES**

Space will not permit us to quote you prices but don't forget that we have a complete line for the whole family at correct prices for shoes that's guaranteed to wear

E. C. BAIRD**DRAWING THE LONG BOW.**

Stories of Archers Famed For Aim and Force and Speed.

Many "long bow" stories are to be found in the world's literature long before the time of the celebrated Baron Munchausen. Indeed, by far the greatest part of them had their origin in the remote past.

Virgil in the "Aeneid" tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the mark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mast, the second cut the cord and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left at which to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying toward the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire and it swept on like a meteor, to disappear in the sky.

That's a bow and arrow story to test the strongest credulity.

The stories of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance at Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain on one's power of belief.

The famous legend of William Tell is believed by some authorities to have a foundation in fact. There was a Dane named Foke of whom the same story was told, and William of Cloudeley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his skill.

The majority of the bow and arrow stories relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vignere, tells one in which the main point is the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow is strong and long enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw Barbarossa, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Soliman, send an arrow from his bow clean through a cannon ball. Whether the cannon ball had a hole in it or not he neglects to inform us.

Perhaps the most astounding of all stories about arrow shooting is that of the Indians who used to inhabit Florida. It is said that a group of them would form a circle; one would throw an ear of Indian corn into the air; the rest would shoot at it and shell it of every grain before it fell to the ground. Sometimes the arrows would strike the ear of corn so hard and fast that it would remain suspended in the air for several minutes, and the oob

never fell until the last grain had been shot away.—St. Louis Republic.

A Clock of 1790.

An interesting specimen of a long clock, made in 1790, is owned by a gentleman at Lutterworth. It has an oval face, a hand which points to the days of the week, completing the round in seven days; one which shows the true dead beat and another which points to the chimes and quarters. On the upper part of the clock is a small orchestra, which includes a flute, a cello and two violins and a boy and girl in addition to three singers. The hours and the quarters are struck, and every three hours a tune is played "three times over either on the bells alone, the lyricord or on both together," while the three figures beat time and the boy and girl dance to the music.—Westminster Gazette.

Glaring Effrontery.

Uncle Absalom Ashby was much given to retailing old and hackneyed jokes. An acquaintance of his, thinking to cure him of his practice, one day gave him a copy of "Joe Miller's Jest Book," with the remark that he "might find something new in it."

The next time he met the old gentleman he asked him, "Well, uncle, what do you think of that book I gave you the other day?"

"I don't know who that 'ere Joe Miller is," indignantly responded Uncle Absalom, "but I do know he's a thief. He's got hold of a lot of my best stories and printed 'em, consarn him!"

A Talented Girl.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Wiggins," said the visitor as they looked over the young art student's paintings, "I had no idea your daughter was so talented! Some of these things are charming. What a quaint idea that is there—the kittens in the basket!"

"Kittens, Mrs. Hawkins?" said Mrs. Wiggins. "Those are not kittens. That is Amaranth's prize floral picture. Those are pansies!"—Judge.

A New Definition.

"What is naturalization?" asked the high school teacher.

"Naturalization," said the captain of the baseball team slowly—"why, naturalization is making a person who was born somewhere else a native of the country he's living in."—Youth's Companion.

A QUEER COURT TRIAL

Dealing Out Justice to a Chimpanzee in West Africa.

The following strange incident is related by Captain George A. Briggs and occurred during his stay on the west coast of Africa about ten years ago. A chimpanzee named John who was owned by a high official one day broke from his chain and, strolling unconcernedly down the main thoroughfare, scattered the crowds before him. A native woman who was vending dainties dropped her tray and, even forgetting her small child, fled with the crowd.

The chimpanzee soon spied the tray of dainties and devoured them in a most convincing manner. The child, seeing all the sweets disappear, attacked the chimpanzee by the tail, but a bite from the brute sent the child yelling at the top of his lung power.

This so infuriated the natives that they made a combined attack on John, and his lease of life would have been cut short had not his owner appeared. He faced the crowd and assured them that every man would be tendered his due. For a similar offense, he inquired, whether a man would not have to stand his trial in court.

"Yah, yah!" was the shout. "Then," said John's owner, "let the woman appear in court tomorrow with the child and all the witnesses, and I promise you John will be there like a man to stand trial and take whatever punishment may be doled out to him."

The next morning the court was crowded when John appeared, chained and carried by several policemen. He was placed in the dock, and the charge of larceny and assault was read to him.

His master turned to him and, asking him if he had any defense to offer, was answered by the usual grunts of delight that John indulged in whenever his master greeted him.

The master then informed the judge that John had pleaded guilty and had no defense to offer. The judge, after due deliberation, sentenced the brute to three months, and he was led away to prison, where he served his sentence.—New York Herald.

A Vast Desert Sepulcher.

There is an extraordinary necropolis at Bahrain, the famous center of the Persian gulf pearl fisheries.

The tombs stretch for miles into the interior of Bahrain. The origin of the necropolis is to a great extent a mystery, but primitive civilization probably first began in this region, and possibly this desert sepulcher is the oldest piece of man's handiwork in the world. Some of the mounds are fifty feet high; the remainder vary from thirty to twenty feet. There are usually two chambers to each mound, an upper and a lower. It is believed that the mounds were originally higher, and palms were growing on the tops of some of them in the time of Alexander the Great, but the palms have long since disappeared, and in the course of ages the summits have been worn smooth.

A Strenuous Welcome.

The Kurds have a very curious and somewhat dangerous marriage custom, which most people will think would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. The husband, surrounded by a bodyguard of twenty or thirty young men, carries his wife home on his back in a scarlet cloth and is desperately assaulted the whole way by a number of girls. Sticks and stones are hurled at the bridegroom, who in the coming home with his bride can scarcely be considered a very happy man, for the irate amazons often inflict on him marks which he carries to his grave.

Liked Good Cooking.

One day when Mrs. Green was tired and ill and her little four-year-old son had been pestering her with questions she suddenly lost patience and said to him: "Johnnie, I have asked you fifty times to be quiet. If you don't give mamma a little rest some day she will go away and never come back." "I'd be sorry for that," said Johnnie, "in a cool, calculating tone, 'for then I s'pose Aunt Addie would come and keep house for us, and Aunt Addie is not a good cooker.'"—New York Times.

Got It In Sections.

An American wag and an Irishman were talking of their vocal powers.

Said the American, "The first time I sang they showered me with bouquets."

"Faith," said the Irishman, "the first time I sang 'twas in an open air concert, and they presented me with a house. But, begorra, it was a brick at a time."

JUST A MISTAKE.

The Antique Collector and a Bargain Jewel Casket.

The collector had been sneering at Americans for their ignorance of antiques. We had been walking in Venice, down a narrow calle while he was speaking. "Look at that old brass scale," he resumed, pointing to a fish stall in the little outdoor market on which we had just emerged. "There's a gem, not very old, but of the finest seventeenth century Venetian work. If you saw that in a New York dealer's, all cleaned up, you'd give up a good deal for it, but you'd 'a' passed it by a dozen times if I hadn't spoken about it. See that old junk stand over there? I never pass a thing like that. You can never tell what you may pick up—if you only know."

We had scarcely reached the stand when the collector thrust out his hand with the swiftness of a hawk darting on its prey and swooped upon a little jewel box. "Carnelian! Russian, I should say, from the Ural mountains. It's not of great value, but it's a pretty little thing if it was cleaned up. It's mine, anyway." To the keeper of the stall:

"Quanto?" The Venetian slowly uncoiled himself and came down from the church steps, where he had been sleeping.

"Does the signore want the pretty trifle? The signore knows its value better than I, and he'll be generous?"

"I'll give you a lira for it. It isn't worth it, but one mustn't be hard with the poor."

"I had hoped I should get five!"

"Well, I'll make it two."

"It is the signore's."

"There, you see!" exultingly chuckled the collector. "That's what it is to know. An exquisite carnelian Russian jewel casket for 40 cents! You'd never have thought of looking among a lot of rusty old iron for a thing like that, would you?"

While speaking he held the box with a miser's clutch.

"May I see it, please?"

He reluctantly handed it to me as though fearing I might make a sudden dash down the calle with his treasure.

"Pshaw!" said I contemptuously, handing the box back to him. "It's not carnelian at all. It's glass—nothing but glass."

"Glass!" drawing a magnifier

from his waistcoat pocket and mutely examining the purchase. "I'm—I'm afraid—it is!" he said sheepishly.

"Of course it is." "I—don't know," sadly. "Yes, it is glass! You see, it's so dirty. Oh, well, we all make mistakes at times. Do you want it?" disgust taking the place of sadness. "You can have it for a quarter."

"Well, I guess it's worth a quarter." I think my eyes must have snapped. "Yes."

And that is how an almost unique example of the cinque cento came into my collection of Venetian glass.—New York Post.

First Flying Machine.

The first flying machine of which history preserves any record was the "Dove of Archytas." Archytas lived in Tarentum, Italy, and was a contemporary of Plato. The account of his flying dove comes to us from Aulus Gellius, who tells us that it was formed of wood and so contrived that by a certain mechanical art it had the power to fly, so nicely was it balanced and put in motion by hidden and inclosed air. Just what this means is, of course, to a large extent uncertain, but that the "Dove" was some sort of machine that was capable of "flying" is unquestioned, and beyond doubt it is the earliest record of such a machine that we have.—New York American.

International Humor.

In America all jokes concerning dogs and sausages refer to the rumor that sausages are made of our dumb friend. In Europe sausages of very poor quality are part of the soldiers' rations; hence this French joke: "What! You leash your dog with a chain of sausages?" "Yes; they are army sausages." American readers looking for the old joke to which they are accustomed fail to see the point. It means that army sausages are so poor a dog wouldn't eat them.—Kansas City Times.

The Air We Breathe.

A person requires twenty cubic inches of fresh air at each respiration, or an average of 400 per minute. In ten hours' sleep he consumes 130 cubic feet of air. The air of a bedroom ten feet square, having its doors and windows closed and occupied by one person, would become unfit for respiration in four hours.